

"Was taken sometime ago," Miss Meredith said, arranging some violets at her elbow.

"I thought—"

"You thought it was taken recently? N-no, a few years."

"Did Betty give it to *you*?" I asked with some curiosity.

"No; Mr. Le Marchant."

"Mr. Le Marchant!"

"Yes. He said it was the best kodak pic-

ture he ever saw."

"You met him in Europe?" I asked meditatively.

"Yes."

"Then, perhaps, he doesn't look that way now?"

Miss Meredith looked into the fire.

"At Betty," I hastened to add.

"Perhaps not," Miss Meredith said, and smiled.



"POUND LOSERS AND POUND KEEPERS"

By W. H. OSBORNE

MR. FATTY BATHGATE, as his name implied, was very fat. He was born so.

"A couple o' hundred pound less or more," he was wont to say, "what difference does it make to me?"

Mr. Bathgate is not a public character—far from it. Although his every movement has been watched with interest by the fleeting crowd; notwithstanding the fact that he attracts attention withersoever he goeth, he still is nothing but a private individual.

About six months ago Mr. Bathgate was down to his last cent—positively his last. He stood upon the corner of a street, dejected, tired, hungry and penniless. He had worked all the games he knew to obtain necessary coin, but without success, and he was up against it.

"But, by George," murmured Mr. Bathgate to himself, "I can't be up against it long, for anything that I'm up against has just natchally gotter give way. See?"

Even as he spoke, a tall, lean, cadaverous individual approached him. Mr. Bathgate smiled upon this individual with a smile of benevolence and geniality. The man braced him for a quarter. Mr. Bathgate was not unnerved by the request.

"Say, sport," he exclaimed, "what's the matter? Up against it? So'm I?" This suggestion seemed to discourage the other, for he snorted in disgust and started to move on. But Mr. Bathgate caught him by the sleeve.

"Hold on!" he exclaimed, "don't give me the go-by. Let's hear about it. Who are you, anyway?" All the time he spoke he was feeling, insidiously feeling, of the man's

clothes which hung upon him like rags upon a last year's scarecrow. The man drew himself up with dignity.

"My name," he replied, "is F. Prentiss Solliday, by rights; but among my friends I'm known as Skinny—Skinny Solliday."

"By George!" returned Mr. Bathgate, "you look it for fair. What's matter—not enough to eat?" The other shook his head.

"I have always been thin," he replied, realizing the dignity of his position, as well as the envy with which the stouter man regarded him; "no matter what I eat, I am always thin. Thank heaven," he devoutly added, as he sized up Mr. Bathgate.

"Mr. Solliday," said Mr. Fatty Bathgate, "come, let us reason together." So they went forthwith and reasoned.



In room 41 on the third floor of the Emporium, down on Market street, an Anti-Fat concern was eking out a mere existence. At a crisis in the affairs of the concern two men ascended the stairs and entered room 41. One of these men weighed nothing—the other, everything. One of them was Mr. F. Prentiss Solliday—the other, Mr. Fatty Bathgate.

An hour later two well-fed men, each wearing a buttonhole bouquet, walked in a leisurely way up and down the main streets of the town.

One of them was Mr. Bathgate, the other Mr. Solliday. They wore something other than the buttonhole bouquets; their clothes, of course—and a sign, a brand new sign—each wore a sign across his chest.

Upon the sign worn by Mr. Fatty Bathgate appeared the words:—

USE CAD-A-VER. THE ONLY SUCCESSFUL ANTI-FAT REMEDY THAT WILL DO THE WORK. WORKS WHILE YOU EAT, TALK, WALK OR SLEEP. LOOK ON THIS PICTURE AND ON THAT!

BEFORE TAKING

On the other hand, the sign worn by Mr. Solliday, while its preliminary statements were like the other, ended with the words, significant in their import:—

AFTER TAKING

And between them hung this remarkable announcement:—

THESE ARE THE SAME MAN.
WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT?

"In other words," as Mr. Bathgate remarked to Mr. Solliday, "we are the real Siamese twins. None others are genuine."

But dull monotony, ever the bane of Mr. Bathgate's career, spurred him to further effort.

And so after persuading Mr. Solliday to visit with him another medical establishment at the other end of town, they appeared one morning with this addition to their mutual literary adornment:—

AS ON THE STREET YOU PASS US BY
UPON OUR BACKS SEE WHAT YOU
SPY

This rhythmic request—a graceful effort of Mr. Fatty Bathgate—had the desired effect. Every passing individual who looked at the front looked also at the back. And upon the back of each appeared this curious device:—

TRY ADD-I-POSE.
THE GREATEST FLESH MAKER IN
THE WORLD. FAREWELL TO
WRINKLES, ANGLES, THIN SHINS,
SHARP ELBOWS. WELCOME
CURVES AND DIMPLES, FIRM
FLESH AND SHAPELY FORM.
TRY IT.

And upon the lean and fleshless shoulders of Mr. Skinny Solliday hung the inevitable sign: "BEFORE TAKING," while, with the ample proportions of Mr. Fatty Bathgate as a background, hung its mate, "AFTER TAKING." The effect was more than startling—it was electrical. If you were inclined to corpulency, there upon the face of things stood out, highly illumined by example, the nearest way to leanness. But, if on the other hand, your bones rattled within your clothes, all that you had to do was to look, and learn, and buy—and get fat. In other words, Messrs. Bathgate and Solliday were all things to all men—they constituted the panacea for all ills. Medicines, of course, are largely advertised by the use of samples.

The anti-fat concern entrusted to Mr. Solliday a small bag containing samples of its wares. The anti-thin company did the same by Mr. Bathgate. People complained that the remedies did not work. The fat people kept getting fatter and the thin people thinner. Mr. Bathgate's busy brain, however, finally solved the problem.

"Mr. Solliday," he remarked one day, suiting the action to the word, "you take my satchel and give me yours. We'll try another tack."

Henceforth the couple conferred upon every thin man a small packet of anti-fat medicine, and upon every fat man a sample of anti-thin. The effect was electrical. Fat men began to lose weight; thin ones assumed flesh. There are few men who do not think that they are either too fat or too thin—the great majority always worry over it. Finally a most peculiar thing happened. The men who had been very thin, and who had therefore been feeding up on the anti-fat medicine, began to grow enormously stout—they became unwieldy. On the contrary, the men previously fat became painfully thin—their bones stuck visibly through the mere scattering flesh upon them. They found it necessary, therefore, to reverse their medicines in order to get back to a normal condition of affairs. And so they did. And business was rushing.

"This," exclaimed Mr. Bathgate to Mr. Solliday, "is perpetual motion for fair—and the only kind that ever paid."

About this time Mr. Solliday, who had been so thin, began to put on flesh, and Mr. Bathgate, singularly enough, began to put it off. During their peregrinations they had absently chewed upon their wares—with a disastrous result, for when they both attained a normal weight they were of no further use to the concerns employing them.

And accordingly they were incontinently and ignominiously discharged. But Mr. Bathgate smiled a smile that was childlike and bland.

"Mr. Solliday," he remarked, "be not cast down, for a far better means of livelihood presents itself unto us. Listen for a moment to what I have to say."

Mr. Solliday listened, with the result that the old building on the corner of Main and Court streets was lit up and revived by a

great painted advertisement which read about like this:—

THE BATHGATE-SOLLIDAY
ANTI } FAT } CORPORATION
 } THIN }

B-S put up in tin

Will make you fat or make you thin.

Mr. Bathgate's intellect, versatile and suggestive as it was, did not go to the trouble of inventing a new remedy. He used the old ones.

The old concerns, of course, rebelled. They brought suit. But when the anti-fat concern came into court it came with its eyes shut.



PEERY-MISERY

And when its chemist placed before the jury his analysis of their medicine, it differed so widely from the anti-fat remedy used by the Bathgate-Solliday concern that the jury rendered a verdict in favor of B-S without stopping to even wink. And the result in the other suit over the anti-thin medicine was the same. And the judge in the first trial, who was very fat, bought anti-fat medicine from the B-S concern; and the judge in the second trial, who was very thin, did just the other thing. And jurymen all swear by B-S and never at it.

And Mr. Solliday and Mr. Bathgate sit in the B-S office at peace with all the world.

"Providence," explains Mr. Bathgate to Mr. Solliday, "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb. We've got no kick a-comin'."

"None," returns Mr. F. Prentiss Solliday, "none, so long as the lambs come to be shorn."